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The FLINTSTONES FEATURING THE GREAT GAZOO

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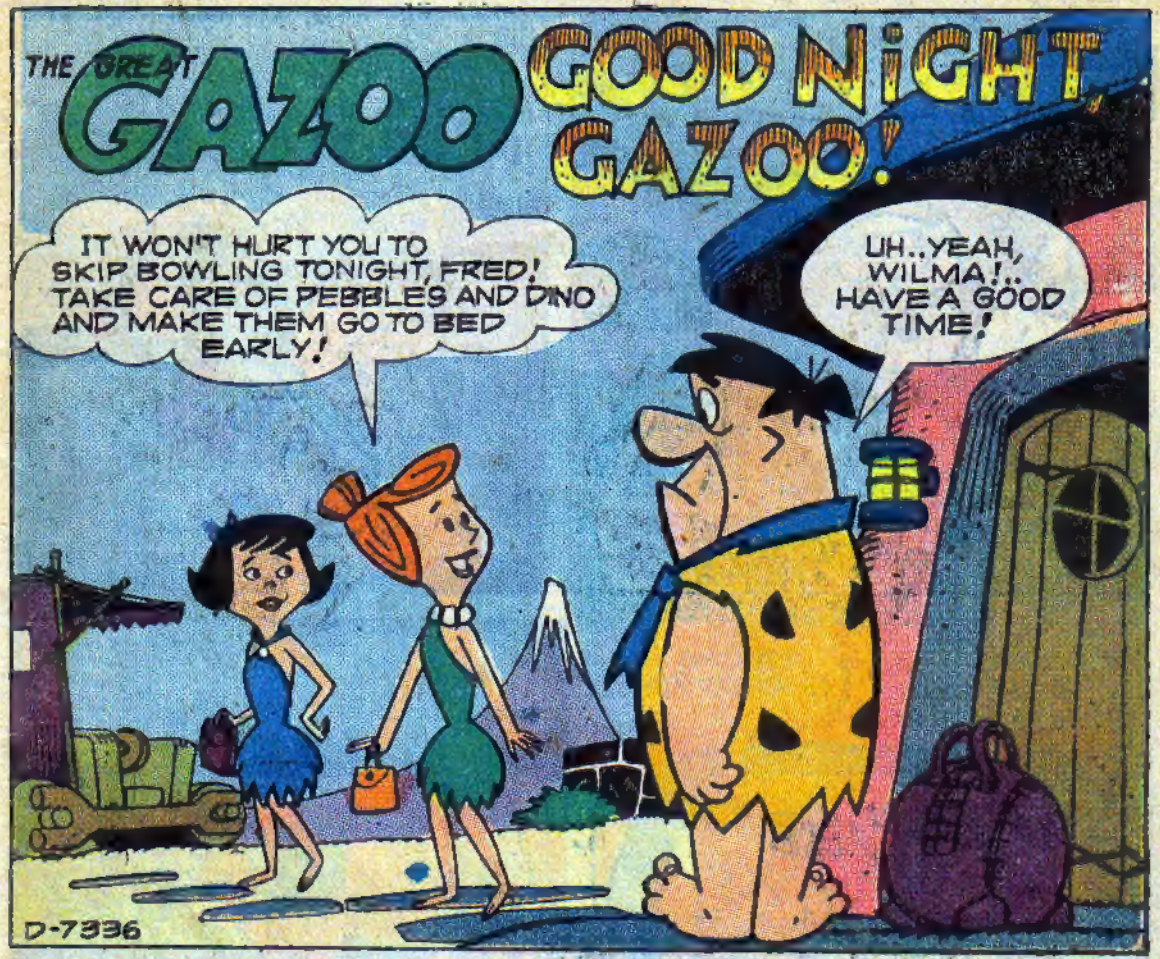
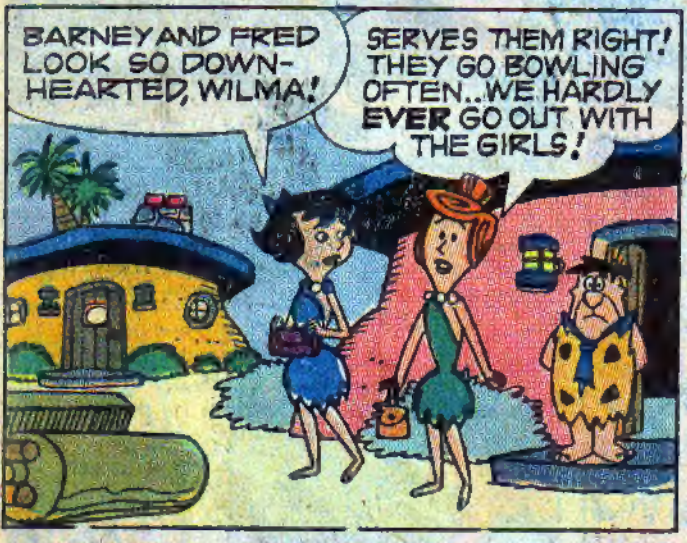
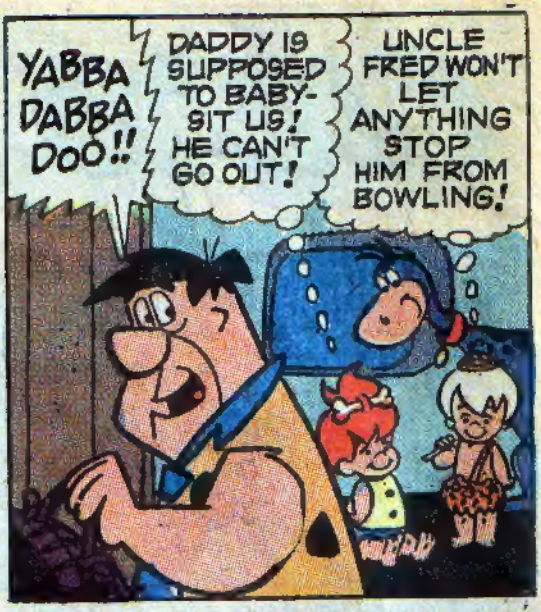

THE GREAT GAZOO
GOOD NIGHT, GAZOO!
IT WON'T HURT YOU TO SKIP BOWLING TONIGHT, FRED! TAKE CARE OF PEBBLES AND DINO AND MAKE THEM GO TO BED EARLY!
UH..YEAH, WILMA!.. HAVE A GOOD TIME!
D-7336



THE GREAT GAZOO Vol. 4, No. 15, March, 1976.
Published bimonthly by CHARLTON PUBLICATIONS, INC. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. John Santangelo Jr., Publisher, George R. Wildman, Managing Editor. 25¢ per copy. Subscription $1.50 annually. Printed in U.S.A. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended. This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price. National Advertising Representatives: Dilo, 114 E 32nd St., New York, N.Y. 10016 (212-686-9050). © 1975 HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC. International copyright secured. All rights reserved.

C'MON, BAMM-BAMM!


YABBA DABBA DOO!!
DADDY IS SUPPOSED TO BABY-SIT US! HE CAN'T GO OUT!
UNCLE FRED WON'T LET ANYTHING STOP HIM FROM BOWLING!

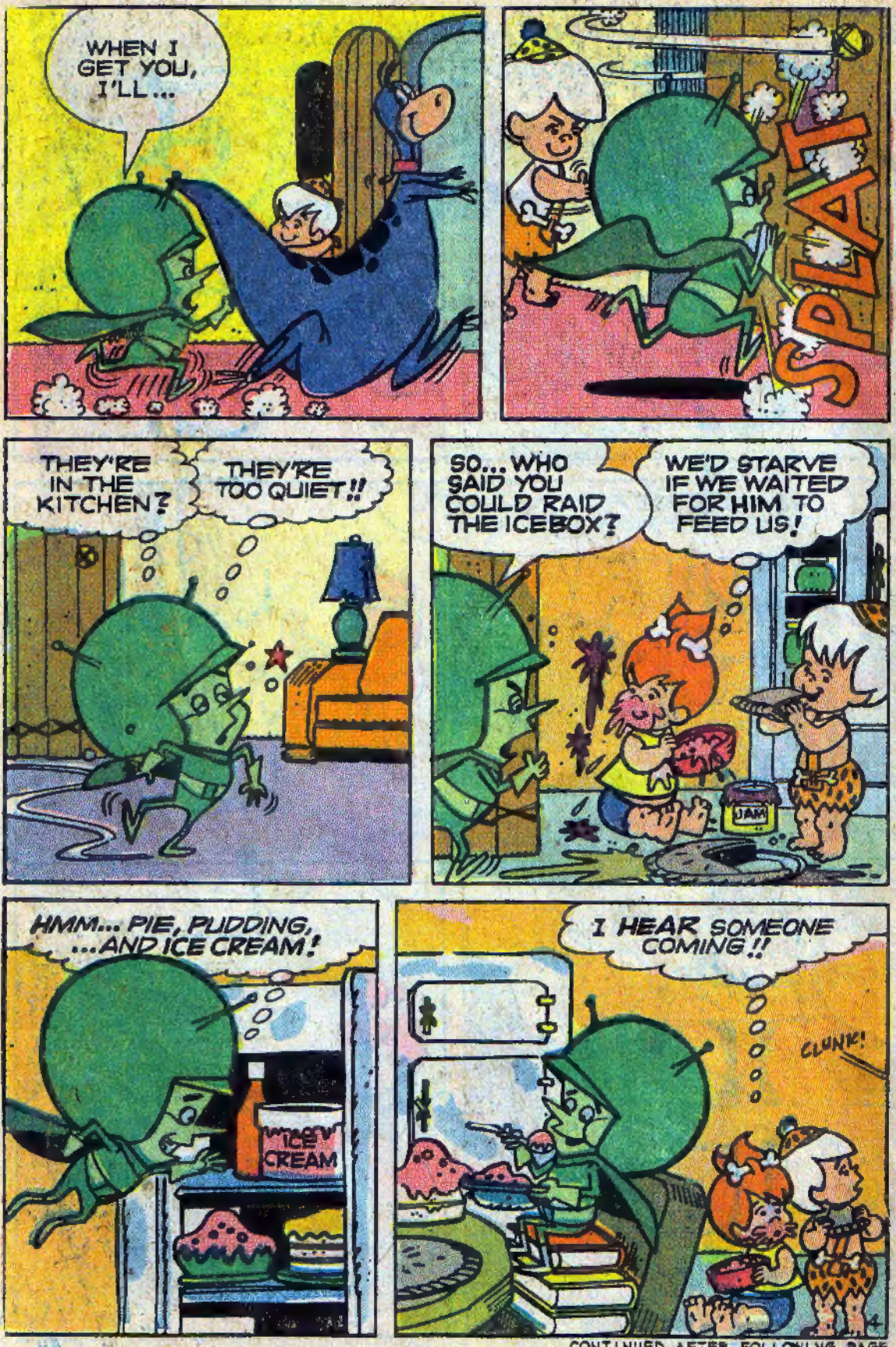
READY, BARNEY?
READY, FREDDY!

YOO-HOO, GAZOO!!
OH, OH!.. FLINTSTONE IS UP TO SOMETHING!

WHAT DO YOU WANT, PICKLE-NOSE?
A SIMPLE FAVOR! BABY-SIT FOR ME AND BARNEY TONIGHT!

A SIMPLE ANSWER, FATSO... NO!!
YOU WANT ME TO COMPLAIN TO YOUR BOSS AGAIN, NEEDLE-NOSE?

WELL, GAZOO?
I CAN TAKE A HINT, FREDDY! GO AHEAD AND BOWL!
ZAP!
ALL RIGHT, YOU RASCALS! YOU'RE GOING TO BEHAVE YOURSELVES!
AH! A SCIENCE FICTION MOVIE!.. THEY MAKE ME HOME-SICK!!
WE HAVE FUN WHEN GAZOO BABY-SITS US!
OH OH!
TEE HEE!
MMMFFF!!
3


WHEN I GET YOU, I'LL...
SPLAT
THEY'RE IN THE KITCHEN?
THEY'RE TOO QUIET!!
SO... WHO SAID YOU COULD RAID THE ICEBOX?
WE'D STARVE IF WE WAITED FOR HIM TO FEED US!
JAM
HMM... PIE, PUDDING, ...AND ICE CREAM!
ICE CREAM
I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!!
CLUNK!

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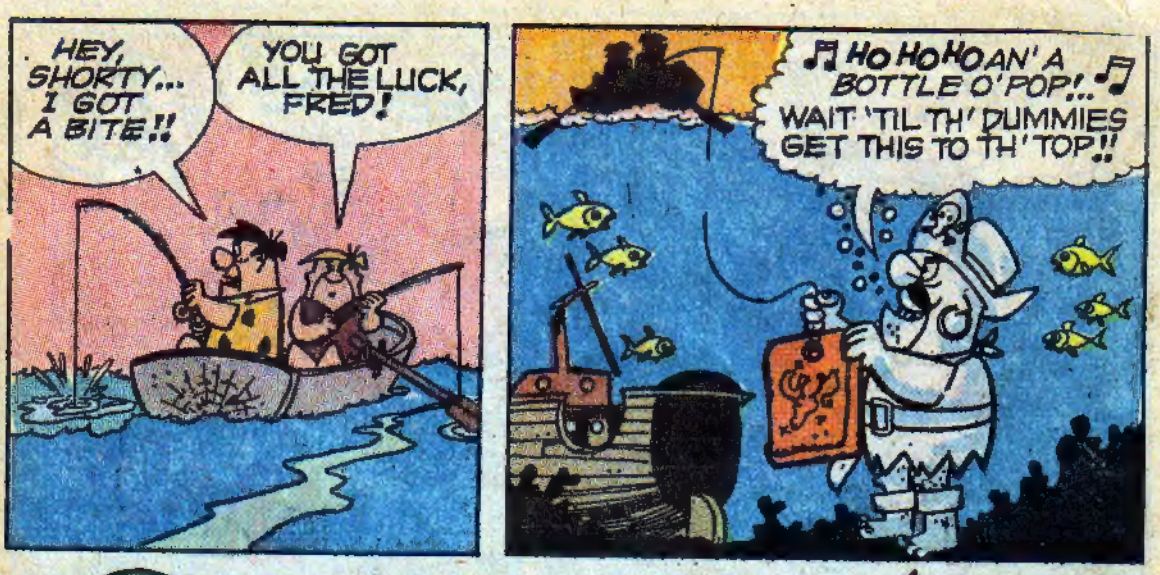
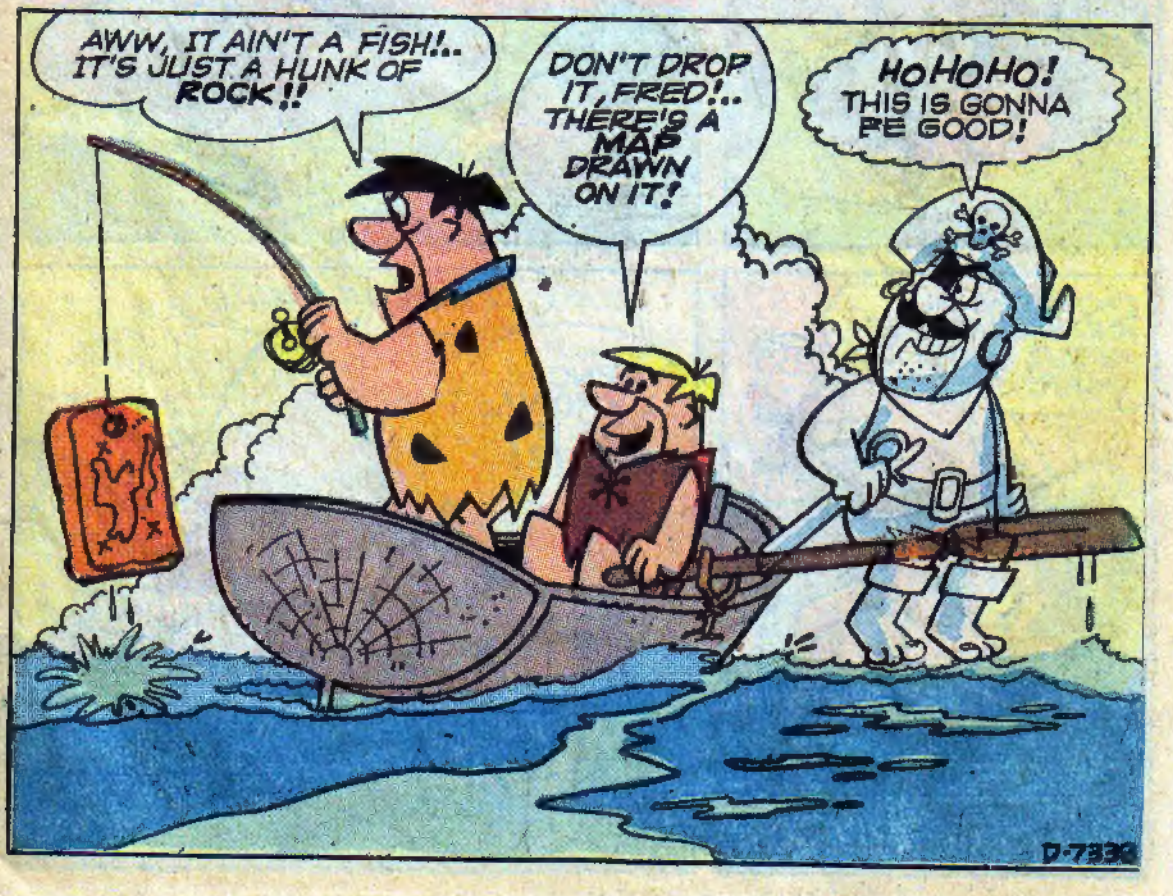
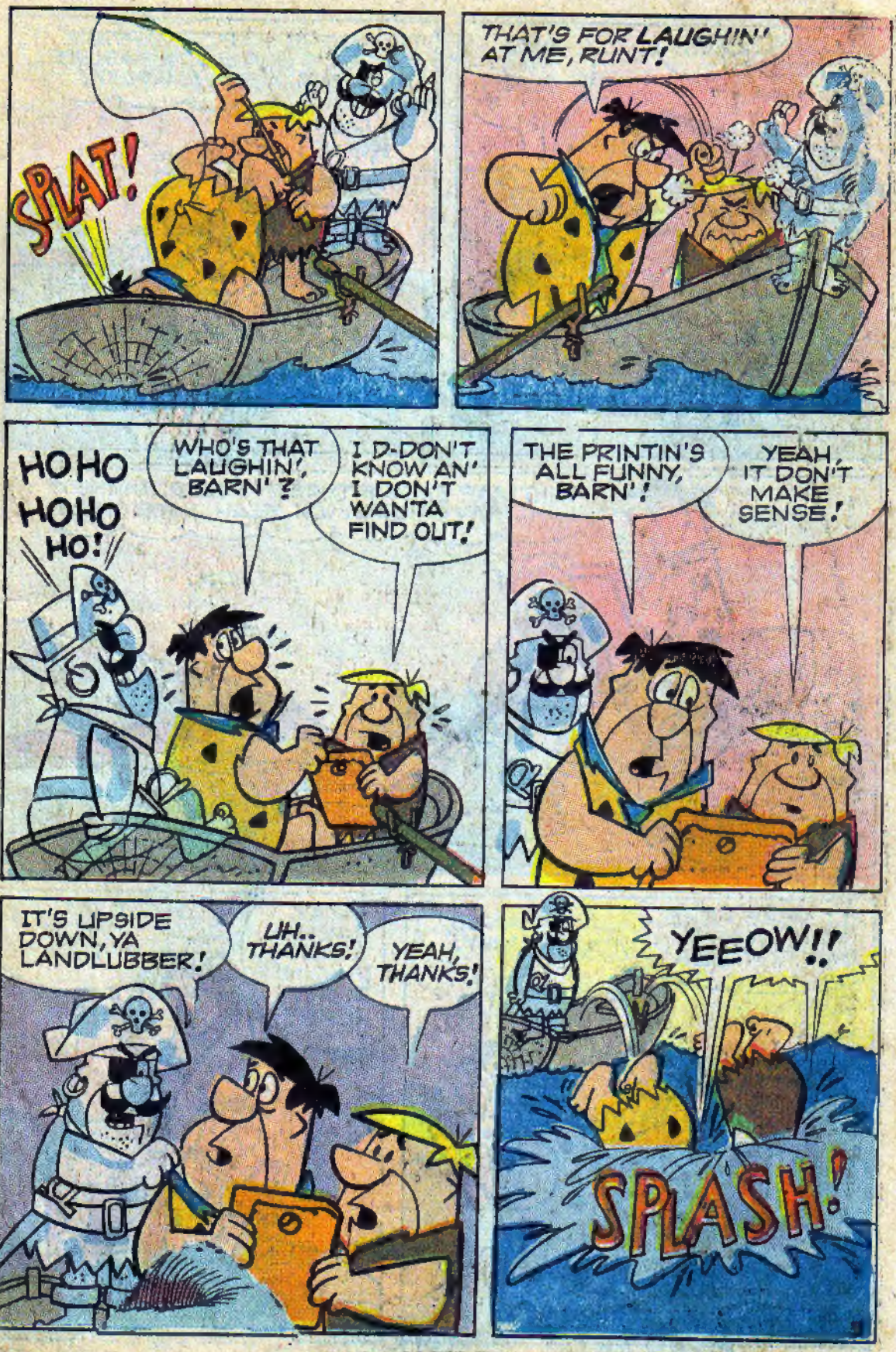
HURRY, PEBBLES!.. UNCLE FRED'S CAR JUST DROVE UP!
THUD
DIDJA SEE THE 200 GAME I BOWLED, FRED... ..UH OH!!
ZZZ
ZZZ
IT LOOKS LIKE A HURRICANE HIT! WHERE'S GAZOO?
SO! YA HADDA GO AND MAKE A PIG OUTA YOURSELF!
HELLO, FATSO! THIS IS TERRIFIC ICE CREAM!
I'LL KILL 'IM!
UH, FRED... THE GIRLS ARE COMIN'!.. I THINK!!
SO! THIS IS HOW YOU BEHAVE WHILE I'M GONE!
POP
PLEASE, WILMA... GIMME A CHANCE TA LIE WILL YA?
THE KIDS HAD A BALL.. I LOVE ICE CREAM AND FRED GETS WHAT HE DESERVES!
5
END

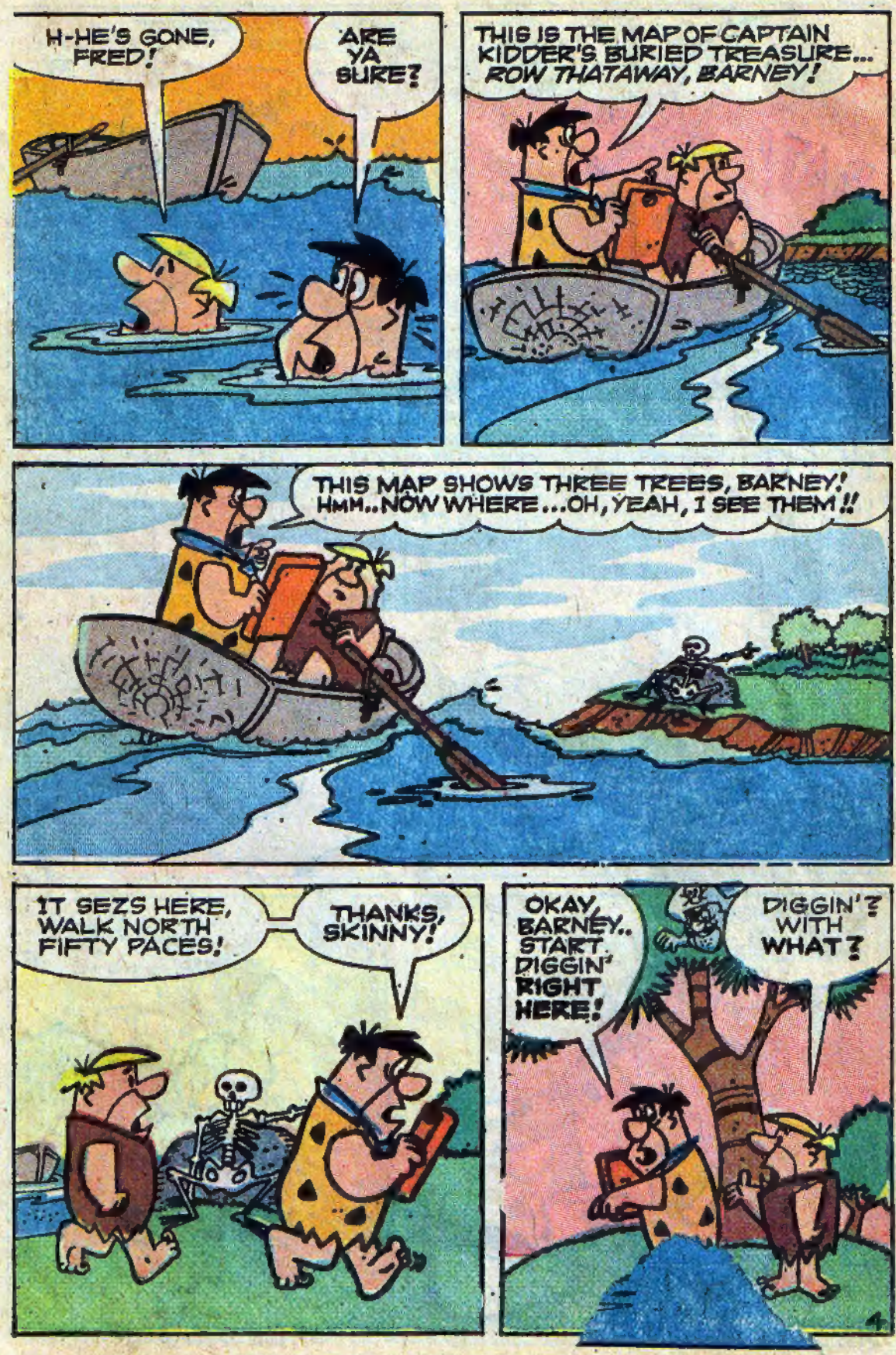


THE GREAT GAZOO in "THE LAST JOKE OF CAPT. KIDDER"



HOLD STILL, SHORTY... I'LL GET IT!
WATCH IT, FRED..
YEEOOW!!
SPLASH!
HELP! GLUG!!
I SAVED THE MAP, FRED!
NEVER MIND THE MAP! :CHOKE: :GASP!: SAVE ME! I GOT A CRAMP!!
HO HO HO HO!
I'M DROWNIN' AND HE WORRIES ABOUT A STUPID MAP!
I GOTCHA, FRED!
I KNOW, I KNOW!.. AND IT HURTS!
2


SPLAT!
THAT'S FOR LAUGHIN' AT ME, RUNT!
HO HO HO HO HO!
WHO'S THAT LAUGHIN', BARN'?
I D-DON'T KNOW AN' I DON'T WANTA FIND OUT!
THE PRINTIN'S ALL FUNNY, BARN'!
YEAH, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE!
IT'S UPSIDE DOWN, YA LANDLUBBER!
UH.. THANKS!
YEAH, THANKS!
YEEOW!!
SPLASH!


H-HE'S GONE, FRED!
ARE YA SURE?
THIS IS THE MAP OF CAPTAIN KIDDER'S BURIED TREASURE... ROW THATAWAY, BARNEY!
THIS MAP SHOWS THREE TREES, BARNEY! HMM..NOW WHERE...OH, YEAH, I SEE THEM!!
IT SEZS HERE, WALK NORTH FIFTY PACES!
THANKS, SKINNY!
OKAY, BARNEY.. START DIGGIN' RIGHT HERE!
DIGGIN'? WITH WHAT?
4

WITH THIS, STUPID!
HOW COME YOU AIN'T DIGGIN', FRED?
'CAUSE YOU GOT THE PICK AND I GOT THE SHOVEL! THE GUY WITH THE PICK ALWAYS DIGS FIRST!
THERE!
EXCELLENT, SHORTY!
NOW IT'S TIME TO SHOVEL! HERE!
HUH? OH, YEAH!
ARE YA SURE THIS IS THE RIGHT PLACE, FRED?
JUST KEEP DIGGIN', BARNEY!
WE DID IT! WE STRUCK GOLD!!
5

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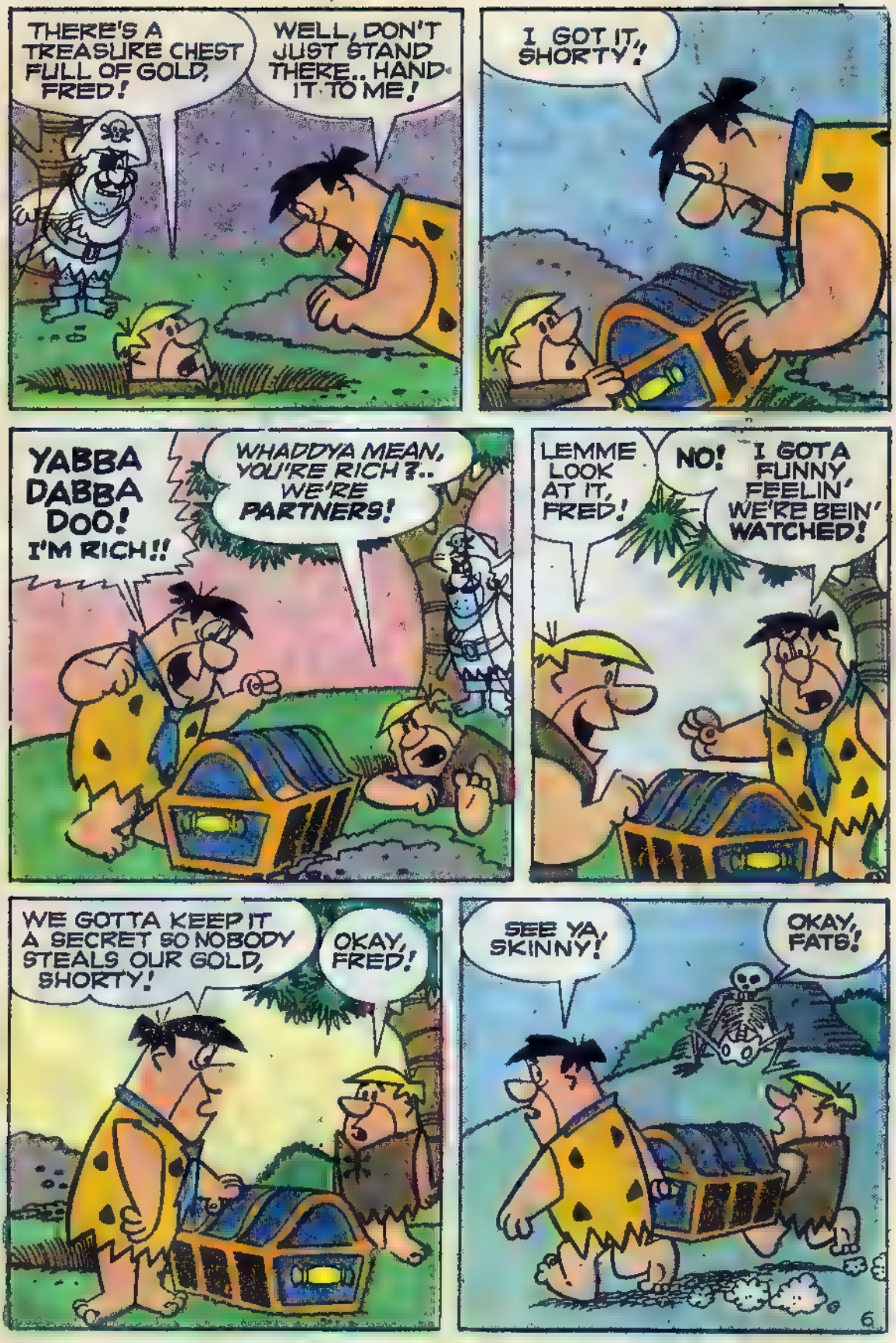
THERE'S A TREASURE CHEST FULL OF GOLD, FRED!
WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE.. HAND IT TO ME!
I GOT IT, SHORTY!
YABBA DABBA DOO! I'M RICH!!
WHADDYA MEAN, YOU'RE RICH?.. WE'RE PARTNERS!
LEMME LOOK AT IT, FRED!
NO!
I GOTA FUNNY FEELIN' WE'RE BEIN' WATCHED!
WE GOTTA KEEP IT A SECRET SO NOBODY STEALS OUR GOLD, SHORTY!
OKAY, FRED!
SEE YA, SKINNY!
OKAY, FATS!
6

I'M SITTIN' ON THE GOLD SO'S NOBODY CAN STEAL IT, BARN'!
HAH!
I'M A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST!
WE'RE ALMOST THERE!
WAIT'LL THE GIRLS SEE WHAT WE GOT IN THE TREASURE CHEST!
HERE COME THE GREAT FISHERMEN, BETTY! I CAN'T WAIT TO HEAR ABOUT THE ONES THAT GOT AWAY!
FISHER-MEN ARE SUCH LIARS, WILMA!
DON'T TELL US YOU CAUGHT SOMETHING, BARNEY!
DON'T BE SILLY, BETTY! THEY NEVER CATCH ANYTHING!
OH YEAH? WAIT'LL YA SEE WHAT WE GOT IN THERE!

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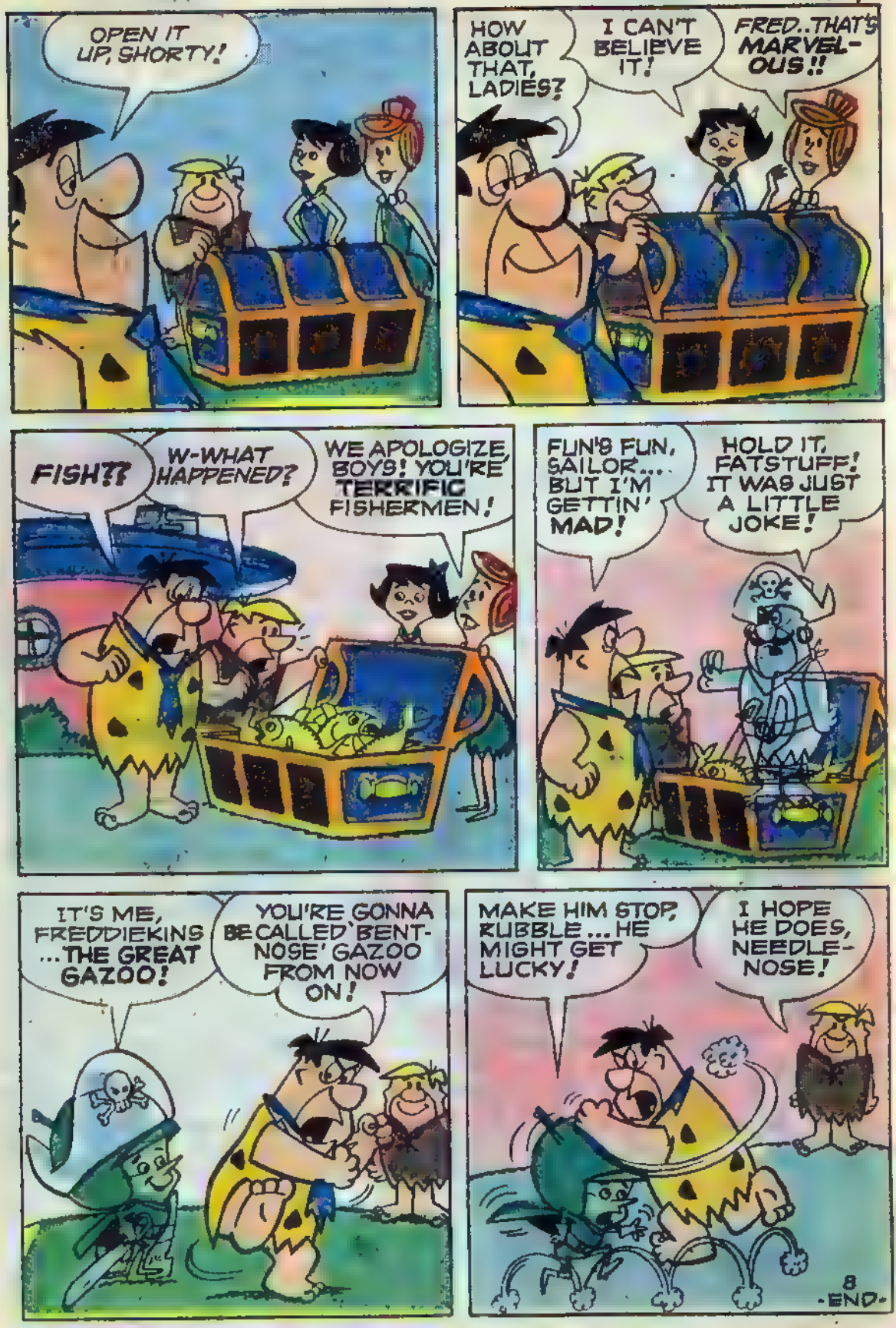
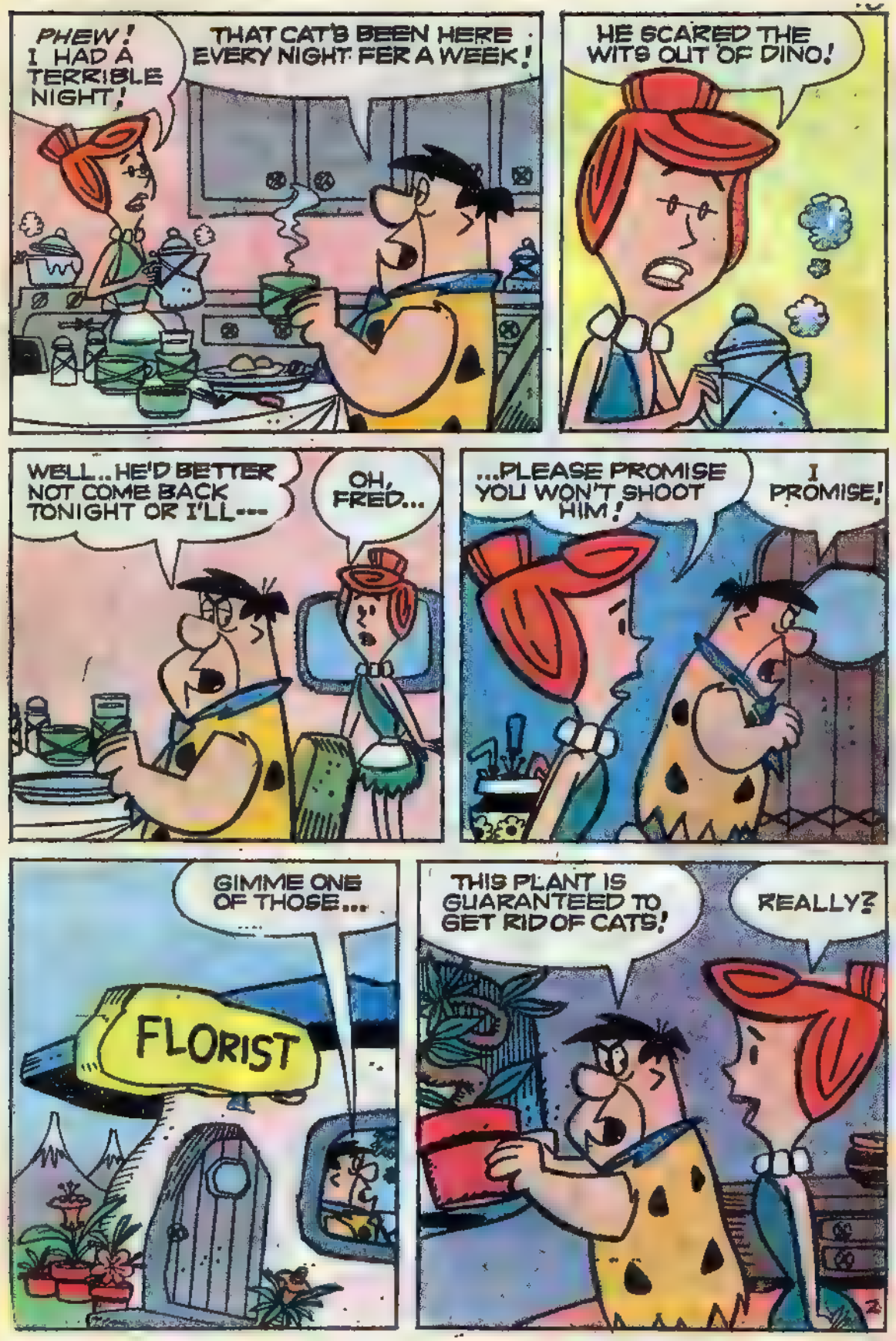

OPEN IT UP, SHORTY!
HOW ABOUT THAT, LADIES?
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
FRED..THAT'S MARVEL-OUS!!
FISH!?
W-WHAT HAPPENED?
WE APOLOGIZE, BOYS! YOU'RE TERRIFIC FISHERMEN!
FUN'S FUN, SAILOR... BUT I'M GETTIN' MAD!
HOLD IT, FATSTUFF! IT WAS JUST A LITTLE JOKE!
IT'S ME, FREDDIEKINS ...THE GREAT GAZOO!
YOU'RE GONNA BE CALLED 'BENT-NOSE' GAZOO FROM NOW ON!
MAKE HIM STOP, RUBBLE... HE MIGHT GET LUCKY!
I HOPE HE DOES, NEEDLE-NOSE!
-END-

THE GREAT GAZOO
"SCAT CAT!"
BLASTED CAT! KEPT ME AWAKE ALL NIGHT!!
G'WAN, SCAT!!
MEEOWR!
D-7349
DINO! GO GET HIM!!
GRUNKLE GOK!.. GRRRR!
LEMME AT THAT DUMB CAT!!
YEIII!!
GRRRR!


PHEW! I HAD A TERRIBLE NIGHT!
THAT CAT'S BEEN HERE EVERY NIGHT FER A WEEK!
HE SCARED THE WITS OUT OF DINO!
WELL.. HE'D BETTER NOT COME BACK TONIGHT OR I'LL---
OH, FRED...
...PLEASE PROMISE YOU WON'T SHOOT HIM!
I PROMISE!
GIMME ONE OF THOSE...
FLORIST
THIS PLANT IS GUARANTEED TO GET RID OF CATS!
REALLY?

THAT NIGHT...
MEOWRR
MEO.....
SNAP!
FRED! IT WORKED!!
OF COURSE!!
BY THE WAY... WHAT KIND OF PLANT IS THAT?
A NIGHT FEEDING MEAT-EATER!!
MEOW!
BURP!
·END·

In the Pink

Reaching inside his Space Ship, The Great Gazoo, temporarily assigned to Earth by his superiors on Ziltox, took out a mirror.

The mirror was very precious to The Great Gazoo. He was the only one of his kind on this strange planet. After looking at Fred Flintstone, Barney Rubble, and all the other residents of Bedrock all day, he often came here and peered at himself in the mirror, smiling happily.

"Now *that* is the way a person oughta look!"

So, he had the mirror to refresh his memory of life and people back on Ziltox. Then, one day, he was taking a rest at his space ship, admiring his long, sharp nose, gorgeous green skin, and bulbous head, when he heard one of the most unpleasant sounds he'd ever heard on Planet Earth.

"Har har har ha ha ha!"

Gazoo shivered. Without looking, he knew it was Fred Flintstone and when Fred was around it usually meant trouble. He wasn't wrong this time.

"What's that, Needlenose, a mirror?" Fatso asked Gazoo.

Gazoo reacted, trying to put the mirror back in the space ship but he was too slow! Fred grabbed at it, Gazoo held back, and they both lost their grip.

The mirror dropped. The finest glass crystal made on Ziltox shattered on an ordinary hunk of Earthian rock!

"You idiot! You fool! You..."

Fred was laughing, but he stopped and looked hurt.

"You ain't supposed to call me names, Gazoo," Fred reminded him. "You're supposed to help me an' Barney. If I complain to your boss on Ziltox..."

The Great Gazoo shuddered. If Flintstone did that, his superiors on Ziltox might *never* relieve him of this assignment and he'd spend his whole career on this stupid planet.

"All right, Fred, it was an accident," Gazoo told him, "it's just that I need a mirror once in awhile to see how I look."

Fred laughed. "Just ask me, Needlenose. Ya always look a crummy green with a funny nose and stupid little ears."

Fred looked closer. "Come to think of it, ya look better than usual. You're not as green as you used to be. You're turnin' a little *pink* like nice-lookin' people."

The Great Gazoo looked worried. "Pink? The only time a Ziltoxian turns *pink* is when he's very sick or

about to d-die!"

Fred yelled at Barney. "Hey, Barney, c'mere."

Barney came over and stared at Gazoo, then smiled. "Hiya, Needlenose. Ya look terrific."

"P-pink?" asked Gazoo.

Barney nodded and Gazoo almost fainted. "Yep. Ya ook good like this."

Gazoo stumbled away to his space ship. He had to

radio home at once.

"Zilfex from the Great Gazoo. How do you read me?"

The reply came instantly. After all, Zilfex was only 187,000,473,001 light years away. "You're coming in very weakly, Gazoo. What's the trouble?"

Gazoo felt his forehead. "I ... I think I'm sick," Gazoo answered. "As a matter of fact, I think I'm turning *pink!*"

There was silence from Gazoo's radio. They knew how serious turning pink could be up there.

"Find a cool place and lie down, Gazoo," the radio said finally. "Don't report back to us unless the illness proves *fatal.*"

"Fatal?" Gazoo echoed. "B-but if it's fatal how can I ... Oh, never mind!"

The Great Gazoo left the space ship and wandered moodily toward the Flintstone house. He couldn't stand being alone, brooding about his illness so he thought he'd hang around with Bamm-Bamm and Pebbles, both of whom were old friends.

They looked surprised when they saw The Great Gazoo.

"Why is he so pink?" Pebbles wondered.

Bamm-Bamm looked curiously at Gazoo. They had been at the beach all morning and The Great Gazoo had proved to be an expert at building sand castles.

"He looks sunburned to *me!*" Bamm-Bamm thought. He knew a good way to find out. He toddled over to The Great Gazoo and slapped him on the back.

"Bamm-Bamm!" said he of the same name. The Great Gazoo let out a scream of pain and somer-

saulted forward from Bamm-Bamm's slap on the back.

"Oww, that burns like fire!" Gazoo moaned. Pebbles chortled.

"Of course, it does," she gurgled in a language only Bamm-Bamm and Gazoo could understand, "a bad sunburn *always* hurts!"

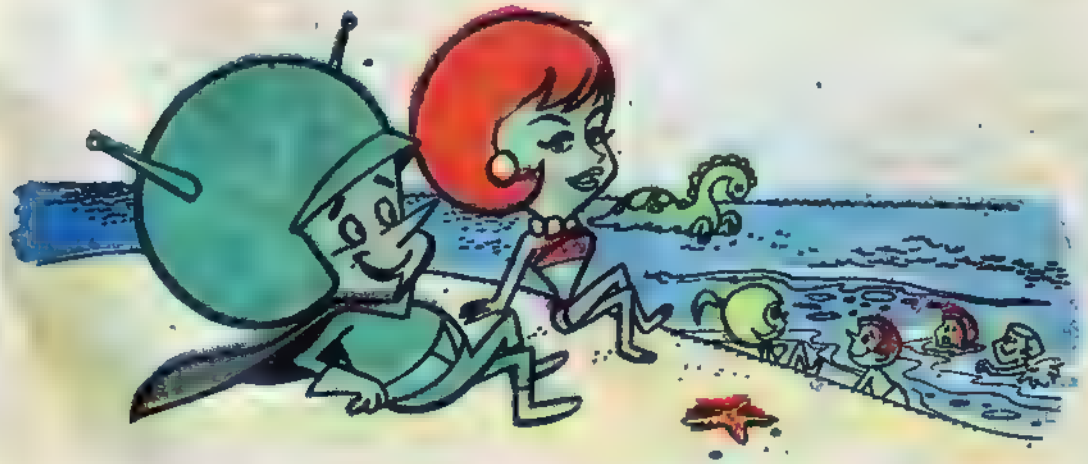
Gazoo stared at her. *Sunburn?* On Zilfex, they didn't have a sun and he had never heard of sunburn before.

"Sunburn?" Gazoo asked.

Pebbles nodded. "Ask Daddy to put sunburn lotion on you, Gazoo. You'll feel lots better."

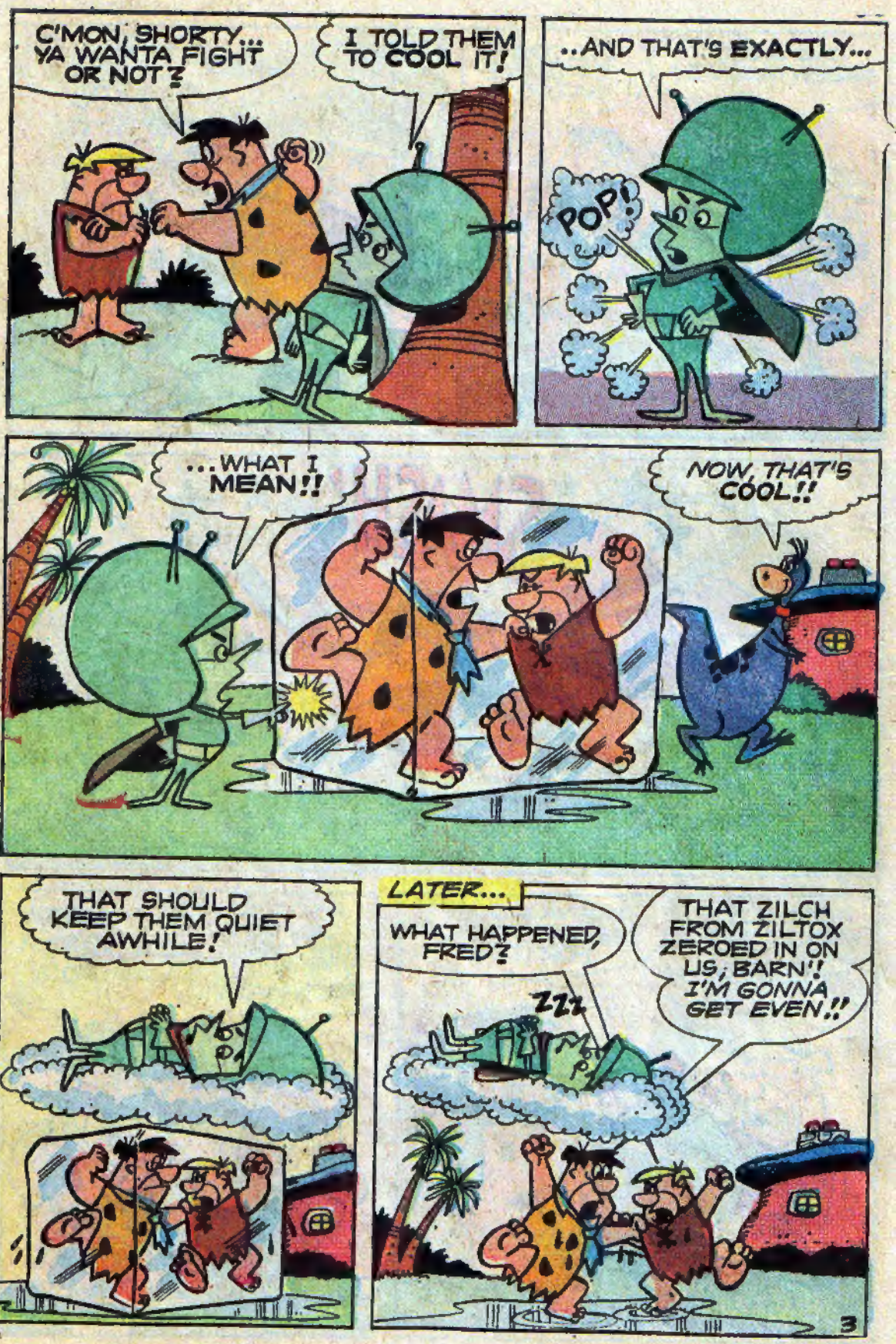
Gazoo did, Fred did, then Gazoo did feel better.

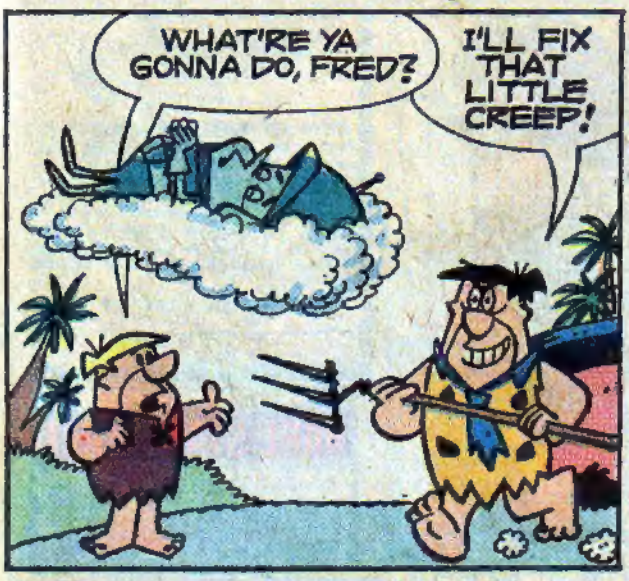
And Gazoo had learned his lesson. Feeling in the pink was painful for a Zilfexian but not necessarily fatal.

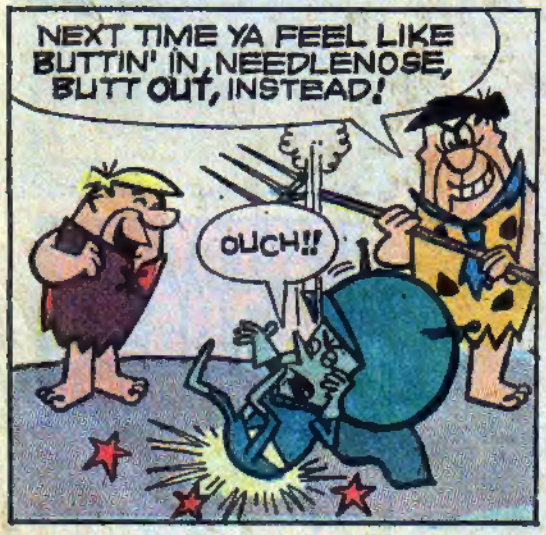


THE GREAT GAZOO in THE PEACEMAKER
I'LL POUND YA TO A — UNGH!!
SEZ YOU!!
THOSE IDIOTS ARE ALWAYS WAKING ME UP!
D-7337
OUTTA THE WAY, NEEDLE-NOSE!
COOL IT, YOU TWO!
THIS IS A PRIVATE FIGHT!
MY MIND IS MADE UP!
IZZATSO?
1

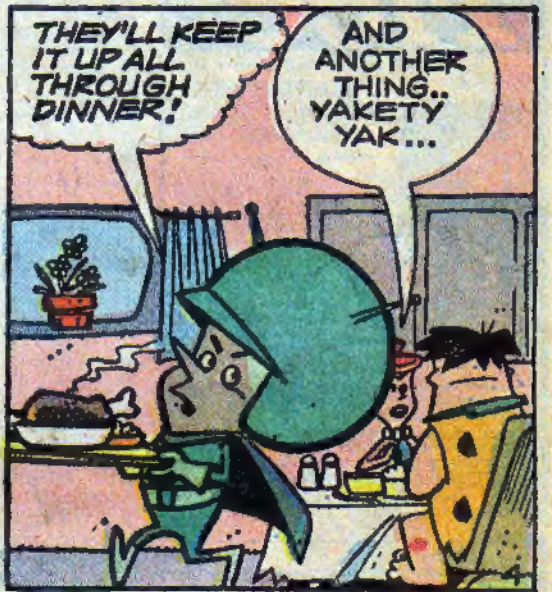
ONE SIDE, GREEN MEANIE!
I'LL COUNT TA THREE, GAZOO!
..THREE!
SMASH!
POOR GUY!.. MAYBE WE SHOULDNA DONE IT, FRED!
ARE YA KIDDIN'? HE WAS ASKIN' FOR IT!
I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO WITH HIM...HE'LL MAKE A TERRIFIC DOORMAT!!
YABBA DABBA DOO!
2


C'MON, SHORTY... YA WANTA FIGHT OR NOT?
I TOLD THEM TO COOL IT!
..AND THAT'S EXACTLY...
POP!
...WHAT I MEAN!!
NOW, THAT'S COOL!!
THAT SHOULD KEEP THEM QUIET AWHILE!
LATER...
WHAT HAPPENED, FRED?
ZZz
THAT ZILCH FROM ZILTOX ZEROED IN ON US, BARN'! I'M GONNA GET EVEN!!
3





SINCE THE CHIEF SENT ME ON THIS STUPID ASSIGNMENT, I'VE DEVELOPED AN APPETITE FOR WILMA'S COOKING!..
MMM... THIS SMELLS DELICIOUS!
DON'T TALK BACK TO ME, YOU WORM!
OH, FOR PETE'S SAKE!



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YOU NEVER DO ANY-THING AROUND THIS HOUSE! YOU TRACK UP THE FLOOR..EAT ALL THE TIME, AND BLAH, BLAH..!
TELL HER OFF, FLINTSTONE! DON'T TAKE THAT FROM HER!
YOU'D BETTER KNOCK IT OFF, WILMA! I'M GETTIN' SORE!
ISN'T THAT TOO BAD?
I MISSED!
WILMA CAN'T SEE ME!
SPLAT!
...DOESN'T SHE EVER MISS??
BOING!
COME BACK, YOU COWARD!!
CUT IT OUT, WILMA!
FLINTSTONE HASN'T BEEN HIT YET!
KLANG!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY THAT EASILY, FRED FLINTSTONE!
WHY DOESN'T FRED SAY SOMETHING?
LUNK
NOW, YOU'LL GET WHAT'S COMING TO YOU!.. YOU MONSTER!
WHY DOES SHE SAY THAT? SHE CAN'T SEE ME!
FRED, TELL HER YOU'RE SORRY... SHE'S KILLING ME!!
I KNOW...
...THAT'S WHY I HAVEN'T APOLOGIZED YET!
FRED..I'M SORRY I WAS SO MEAN TO YOU! COME TO THE TABLE AND HAVE DINNER! DID I HURT YOU, FRED, DARLING?
NOT MUCH, WILMA! ...AFTER ALL, I'M TOUGH!
NEXT TIME ANY OF THESE PRIMITIVES GET IN A FIGHT, THEY CAN KNOCK EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT, I WON'T TRY TO STOP THEM!
6
-END-